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# Old Lace

By KARLE WILSON BAKER

## I. The Old, Old Elm

The old, old elm has put on clouds of lace  
Delicate as a bride's. A dawn-like grace  
Covers a million dark-twigged memories,  
A dryad gaiety is in her face;  
And, light as lilac-spray against the skies,  
New wonder is upborne by ancient stress.  
I marvel at a mortal thing so wise  
To weave herself enchantment for a dress,  
And heal the feud of Time with Loveliness.

## II. Let Me Grow Lovely

Let me grow lovely, growing old—  
So many fine things do:  
Laces, and ivory, and gold,  
And silks need not be new;

And there is healing in old trees,  
Old streets a glamor hold;  
Why may not I, as well as these,  
Grow lovely, growing old?

## III. My Word

I will not say my word—my fine one, lent  
By the wise Past—again. For, here and there  
Voices that set astir the cloudy air  
Of a new day and mood, sharp and intent,  
Are shrilling it, with fresh dawn-wonderment.  
My word, I hardly found the breath to dare,  
Will soon be dusty, breathless and thread-bare  
With running all the errands it is sent.

Poor words—when they are nudged and hustled so,  
How can they stop to tell us what they mean,  
How can they stay to shine out what they are?  
I will not shout mine in the clamor—no;  
But I will say it as the grass says, *green*,  
Or a low star at evening twinkles, "Star."

# Simple Simon

By A. E. COPPARD

**T**HIS simple man lived lonely in a hut in the depths of a forest, just underneath three hovering trees, a pine tree and two beeches. The sun never was clear in the forest, but the fogs that rose in its unshaken shade were neither sweet nor sour. Lonely was Simon, for he had given up all the sweet of the world and had received none of the sweet of heaven. Old now, and his house falling to ruin, he said he would go seek the sweet of heaven, for what was there in the mortal world to detain him? Not peace, certainly, for time growled and scratched at him like a mangy dog, and there were no memories to cherish; he had had a heavy father, a mother who was light, and never a lay-by who had not deceived him. So he went in his tatters and his simplicity to the lord of the manor.

"I'm bound for heaven, sir," says Simon, "will you give me an old coat, or an odd rag or so? There's a hole in my shoe, sir, and good-fortune slips out of it."

No—the lord of the manor said—he could not give him a decent suit, nor a shoe, nor the rags neither. Had he not let him dwell all life long in his forest? With not a finger of rent coming? Snaring the conies—(May your tongue never vex you!)—and devouring the birds—(May God see me!)—and cutting the fuel, snug as a bee in a big white hive. (Never a snooze of sleep, with the wind howling in the latch of it and the cracks gaping!) What with the

taxes and the ways of women—said the lord—he had but a scrimping time of it himself, so he had. There was neither malt in the kiln nor meal in the hopper, and there were thieves in the parish. Indeed, he would as lief go with Simon, but it was such a diggings of a way off.

So Simon went walking on until he came to the godly man who lived in a blessed mansion, full of delights for the mind and eye as well as a deal of comfort for his belly.

No—the godly man said—he would not give him anything, for the Lord took no shame of a man's covnig.

"Ah but, your holiness," said Simon, "I've a care to look decent when I go to the King of All."

"My poor man, how will you get there, my poor man?" he said.

"Maybe," says Simon, "I'll get a lift on my way."

"You'll get no lift," the godly man said, "for it's a hard and lonely road to travel."

"My sorrow! And I heard it was a good place to go to."

"It is a good place, my simple man, but the road to it is difficult and empty and hard. You will get no lift, you will lose your way, you will be taken with a sickness."

"Ah, and I heard it was a good kind road, and help in the end of it and warmth and a snap of victuals."

"No doubt, no doubt, but I tell you, don't be setting yourself up for to judge of it. Go back to your home and be at peace with the world."

"Mine's all walk-on," said Simon, and turning away, he looked towards his home. Distant or near there was nothing he could see but trees, not a glint of sea, and little of sky, and nothing of a hill or the roof of a friendly house,—just a trap of trees as close as a large hand held before a large face, beeches and beeches, pines and pines. And buried in the middle of it was a tiny hut, sour and broken; in the time of storms the downpour would try to dash it into the ground, and the wind would try to tear it out. Well he had had his enough of it, so he went to another man, a scholar for learning, and told him his intentions and his wishes.

"To heaven!" said the scholar. "Well, it's a fair day for that good-looking journey."

"It is indeed a fine day," said Simon. As clear as crystal it was, yet soft and mellow as snuff.

"Then content you, man Simon, and stay in it."

"Ah, sir," he says, "I've a mind and a will that makes me serve them."

"Cats will mouse and larks will sing," the scholar said, "but you are niether the one nor the other. What you seek is hidden, perhaps hidden for ever; God remove discontent and greed from the world; why should you look on the other side of a wall—what is a wall for?"

The old man was silent.

"How long has this notion possessed you?"

The old man quavered "Since...since...", but he could say no more. A green bird flew laughing above them.

"What bird is that—What is it making that noise for?"

"It is a woodpecker, sir; he knows he can sing a song for sixpence."

The scholar stood looking up into the sky. His boots were old—Well, that is the doom of all boots, just as it is of men. His clothes were out of fashion, so was his knowledge; stripped of his gentle dignity he was but dust and ashes.

"To travel from the world?" he was saying. "That is not wise."

"Ah, sir, wisdom was ever deluding me, for I'm not more than half done—like a poor potato. First of course there's the things you don't know; then there's the things you do know but can't understand; then there's the things you do understand but which don't matter. Saving your presence, sir, there's a heap of understanding to be done before you're anything but a fool."

"He is not a fool who is happy; mortal pleasures decline as the bubble of knowledge grows; that's the long of it, and it's the short of it too."

Simon was silent, adding up the buttons on the scholar's tidy coat. He counted five of them, they shone like gold and looked—oh, very well they looked.

"I was happy once," then he said: "Ah, and I remember I was happy twice, yes, and three times I was happy in this world. I was not happy since..."

"Yes? Since what?" the scholar asked him: but the old man was dumb.

"Tell, me, Simon, what made you happy?"

"I was happy, sir, when I first dwelled in the wood and made with my own hands a house of boards. Why—

you'd not believe—but it had a chimney then, and was no ways draughty then, and was not creaky then, nor damp then; a good fine house with a door and a half door, birds about it, magpies and tits and fine boy blackbirds! A lake with a score of mallards on it! And for conies and cushats you could take your oath of a meal any day in the week, and twice a day, any day. But 'tis falling with age and weather now. I see it go; the rain wears it, the moss rots it, the wind shatters it. The lake's as dry as a hen's foot, and the forest changes. What was bushes is timber now, and what was timber is ashes; the forest has spread around me and the birds have left me and gone to the border. As for conies there's no contriving with those foxes and weasels so cunning at them; not the trace of a tail, sir, nothing but snakes and snails, now. I was happy when I built that house; that's what I was; I was then."

"Ah, so, indeed. And the other times—the second time?"

"Why, that was the time I washed my feet in the lake and I saw..."

"What, man Simon, what did you see?"

Simon passed his hand across his brow. "I see...ah, well, I saw it. I saw something...but I forgot."

"Ah, you have forgotten your happiness," said the scholar in a soft voice: "Yes, yes." He went on speaking to himself: "Death is a naked Ethiope with flaming hair. I don't want to live for ever but I want to live."

He took off his coat and gave it to Simon who thanked him and put it on. It seemed a very heavy coat.

"Maybe," the old man mumbled, "I'll get a lift on the way."

"May it be so. And goodbye to you," said the scholar. "'Tis as fine a day as ever came out of Eden."

They parted so, and old Simon had not been gone an hour when the scholar gave a great shout and followed after him frantic, but he could not come up with him for Simon had gone up in a lift to heaven—a lift with cushions in it, and a bright young girl guiding the lift, dressed like a lad but with a sad stern voice.

Several people got into the lift, the most of them old ladies, but no children, so Simon got in too and sat on a cushion of yellow velvet. And he was near sleeping when the lift stopped of a sudden and a lady who had taken sick got out. "Drugs and lounge!" the girl called out, "Second to the right and keep straight on. Going up?"

But though there was a crowd of young people waiting nobdy else got in. They slid on again, higher and much higher. Simon dropped into sleep until the girl stopped at the fourth floor: "Refreshments," she said, "and Ladies Cloak Room!" All the passengers got out except Simon: he sat still until they came to the floor of heaven. There he got out, and the girl waved her hand to him and said "Goodbye." A few people got in the lift. "Going down?" she cried. Then she slammed the door and it sank into a hole and Simon never laid an eye on it or her from that day for ever.

Now it was very pleasant where he found himself, very pleasant indeed and in no ways different from the fine parts of the earth. He went onwards and the first place he did come to was a farmhouse with a kitchen door. He knocked and it was opened. It was a

large kitchen; it had a cracked stone floor and white rafters above it with hooks on them and shearing irons and a saddle. And there was a smoking hearth and an open oven with bright charred wood burning in it, a dairy shelf beyond with pans of cream, a bed of bracken for a dog in the corner by the pump, and a pet sheep wandering about. It had the number 100 painted on its fleece and a loud bell was tinkling round its neck. There was a fine young girl stood smiling at him; the plait of her hair was thick as a rope of onions and as shining with the glint in it. Simon said to her: "I've been awalking, and I seem to have got a bit dampified like, just a touch o' damp in the knees of my breeches, that's all."

The girl pointed to the fire and he went and dried himself. Then he asked the girl if she would give him a true direction, and so she gave him a true direction and on he went. And he had not gone far when he saw a place just like the old forest he had come from but all was delightful and sunny, and there was the house he had once built, as beautiful and new, with the shining varnish on the door, a pool beyond, fagots and logs in the yard, and inside the white shelves were loaded with good food, the fire burning with a sweet smell and a bed of rest in the ingle. Soon he was slaking his hunger; then he hung up his coat on a peg of iron and creeping into the bed he went into the long sleep in his old happy way of sleeping.

But all this time the scholar was following after him, searching under the Sun, and from here to there, calling out high and low, and questioning the traveling people: had they seen a simple

man, an old man who had been but three times happy?—but not a one had seen him. He was cut to the heart with anxiety, with remorse, and with sorrow, for in a secret pocket of the coat he had given to Simon he had left—unknown, but he remembered it now—a wallet of sowskin, full of his own black sins, and nothing to distinguish them in any way from any other man's. It was a dark load upon his soul that the poor man might be punished with an everlasting punishment for having such a tangle of wickedness on him and he unable to explain it. An old man like that, who had been happy but the three times! He enquired upon his right hand, and upon his left hand he enquired, but not a walking creature had seen him and the scholar was mad vexed with shame. Well he went on, and on he went, but he did not get a lift on the way. He went howling and whistling like a man who would frighten all the wild creatures down into the earth, and at last he came by a back way to the borders of heaven. There he was, all of a day behind the man he was pursuing, in a great wilderness of trees. It began to rain, a soft meandering fall that you would hardly notice for rain, but the birds gave over their whistling and a strong silence grew everywhere, hushing things. His footfall as he stumbled through briars and the wild gardens of the wood seemed to thump the whole earth, and he could hear all the small noises like the tick of a beetle and the gasping of worms. In a grove of raspberry canes he stood like a stock with the wonder of that stillness. Clouds did not move, he could but feel the rain that he could not see. Each leaf hung stiff as if it was frozen,

though it was summer. Not a living thing was to be seen, and the things that were not living were not more dead than those that lived but were so secret still. He picked a few berries from the canes, and from every bush as he pulled and shook it a butterfly or a moth dropped or fluttered away, quiet and most ghostly. "An old bit of a man"—he kept repeating in his mind—"with three bits of joy, an old bit of a man."

Suddenly a turtle dove with clatter enough for a goose came to a tree beside him and spoke to him! A young dove, and it crooed on the tree branch, croo, croo, croo, and after each cadence it heaved the air into its lungs again with a tiny sob. Well, it would be no good telling what the bird said to the scholar for none would believe it, they could not; but speak it did. After that the scholar tramped on, and on again, until he heard voices close ahead from a group of frisky boys who were chasing a small bird that could hardly fly. As the scholar came up with them one of the boys dashed out with his cap and fell upon the fledging and thrust it in his pocket.

Now, by God, that scholar was angry, for a thing he liked was the notes of birds tossed from bush to bush like aery bubbles, and he wrangled with the boy until he took the crumpled bird out of his pocket and flung it saucily in the air as you would fling a stone. Down dropped the bird into a gulley as if it were shot, and the boys fled off. The scholar peered into the gulley but he could not see the young finch, not a feather of it, then he jumped into the gulley and stood quiet, listening to hear it cheep, for sure a wing would be

broken, or a foot. But nothing could he see, nothing, though he could hear hundreds of grasshoppers leaping among the dead leaves with a noise like pattering rain. So he turned away, but as he shifted his foot he saw beneath it the shattered bird: he had jumped upon it himself and destroyed it. He could not pick it up, it was bloody; he leaned over it, sighing: "Poor bird, poor bird, and is this your road to heaven?" There was a little noise then added to the leaping of the grasshoppers—it was the patter of tears he was shedding from himself. Well, when the scholar heard that he gave a good shout of laughter, and he was soon contented, forgetting the bird. He was for sitting down awhile but the thought of the old man Simon, with that sinful wallet—a rare budget of his own mad joys—urged him on till he came by the end of the wood, the rain ceasing, and beyond him the harmony of a flock roaming and bleating. Every ewe of the flock had numbers painted on it, that ran up the way up to ninety and nine.

Soon he came to the farmhouse and the kitchen and the odd sheep and a kind girl with a knot of hair as thick as a twist of bread. He told her the thing that was upon his conscience.

"Help me to come up with him, for I'm a day to the bad, and what shall I do? I gave him a coat, an old coat, and all my sins were hidden in it, but I'd forgotten them. He was an old quavering man with but three spells of happiness in the earthly world." He begged her to direct him to the man Simon. The smiling girl gave him a good direction, the joyful scholar hurried out and on, and in a score of minutes he was

peeping in the fine hut, with his hand on the latch of the half door, and Simon snoring in bed, a quiet decent snore.

"Simon!" he calls, but he didn't wake. He shook him, but he didn't budge. There was the coat hanging down from the iron peg, so he went to it and searched it and took out the wallet. But when he opened it—a black sowskin wallet it was, very strong with good straps—his sins were all escaped from it, not one little sin left in the least chink of the wallet, it was empty as a drum. The scholar knew something was wrong, for it was full once, and quite full.

"Well, now," thought he, scratching his head and searching his mind, "did I make a mistake of it? Would they be by chance in the very coat that is on me now, for I've not another coat to my name? He gave it a good strong search, in the patch pockets and the inside pockets and in the purse on his belt, but there was not the scrap of a

tail of a sin of any sort, good or bad, in that coat, and all he found was a few cachous against the roughening of his voice.

"Did I make another mistake of it," he says again, "and put those solemn sins in the fob of my fancy waistcoat? Where are they!!" he shouts out.

Simon lifted his head out of sleeping for a moment. "It was that girl with the hair," Simon said. "She took them from the wallet—they are not allowed in this place—and threw them in the pigwash."

With that he was asleep again, snoring his decent snore.

"Glory be to God," said the scholar, "am I not a great fool to have come to heaven looking for my sins!"

He took the empty wallet and tiptoed back to the world, and if he is not with the saints yet, it is with the saints he will be one day—barring he gets another budget of sins in his eager joy. And *that* I wouldn't deny him.

## Silent Things

By BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM

All silent things are beautiful:  
A hill with bended head;  
A vesper hour that lifts its face  
Framed in lingering red.

A beauty fingers silent things  
So men who died have found  
This beauty like a vesper sky  
Within the quiet ground.

# Henry Murger

By ARTHUR SYMONS

PARIS has its bust of Murger now, the Latin Quarter had its brave day's enthusiasm, and the academic criticism, and the criticism of the pitiless *jeunes*, have wearied a little of repeating the old arguments against Bohemia, against the *Scenes de la Vie de Boheme*. Murger has his faults as a writer; it cannot be said that his prose is distinguished, his taste impeccable, his tears or his laughter quite invariably convincing. But he has written a book that lives, and there is no arguing against such a fact. It has been gravely enquired whether these *Scenes de la Vie de Boheme* are true to life; whether Musette, Rodolphe and Mimi are probable characters; whether the sentiment of the whole thing is not false sentiment. People ask strange questions! As long as men and women are young, and not quite virtuous, so long will this kind of life exist, just thus; and never has it been rendered so simply, sympathetically, and with so youthful a touch of sentiment, as in Murger's pages. And this sentiment, is it false sentiment? It is the sentiment youth has of itself at the flowering moment of existence; and to whom, and in what sense, does a disillusioning experience give the right to deny the "truth" of a sentiment which had at least the irresistible force of a sensation? To be five-and-twenty, poor, and in love; that is enough; at

that age and under those circumstances, you will feel that Murger has said everything. They tell us that the Latin Quarter has changed, that the *grisette* no longer exists, that people are quite cynical and serious now-a-days, and that *Qui m'aima quand elle la belle eut le temps* has no time now. Ah! there is always time for these little distractions, when one cares to indulge in them; and youth, after all, is not so variable a quantity as our historians would have us imagine. Fashions change, the curls and the crinolines; but not "the way of a man with a maid." And that is what Murger has fixed for us in these impromptu-like pages, not in the fine impersonal way of the outside observer, but gaily, pathetically, as such moods make up the joy and pity of our ways of loving.

Full of fun as the book is, of keen wit, it is one of the sadest of books, sad with the consciousness that

*La jeunesse n'a qu'un temps.* All these merry, shifting, shiftless people seem continually to be saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"; they have the feverish gaiety of the gambler who has staked all on one throw. It is all for love; and love, with them, is known as much by its bitter inconstancy as by its momentary sweetness. "*Muse de infidélité*," Murger addresses the eternal Musette, in that song which is part of her immortality:

Non, ma jeunesse n'est pas morte,  
Il n'est pas mort ton souvenir;

Et si tu frappais à ma porte,  
 Mon coeur, Musette, irait t'ouvrir.  
 Puisqu'à ton nom toujours il tremble,  
 Muse de l'infidélité,  
 Reviens encor manager ensemble  
 Le pain béni de la gaité.

Love, with him, as Gautier pointed out, "presents itself only as a memory." It is at least always apprehended, even at the sharpest moment of enjoyment, as but the flash of the form on the crest of a wave breaking.

And then, along with this pathetic feeling in regard to love, there is another, more sordid, not less actual, kind of pathos; the cold of winter nights in a garret, the odour of rich men's dinners as one passes penniless in the street. These people are very genuinely poor, and they discover no hidden treasures. They want, too, to be famous, and they have neither the talent nor the luck for even that, the poor man's consolation. They see the hospital at the end of the way; at most

they divine it around the corner. And meanwhile there is the reality of day by day, the necessity of a few poor luxuries; Mimi's bonnet, Francine's muff. Here, once more, is a sentiment which only the quite rich and fortunate can distinguish as "false."

Yes, Murger is a veracious historian; believe him, if you do not know, or have forgotten, that such are the annals of Bohemia. There, people love just so lightly and sincerely, weep and laugh just so freely, are really hungry, really have their ambitions and at times die of all these maladies. It is the gayest and most melancholy country in the world. Not to have visited it, is to have made the grand tour for nothing. To have lived there too long, is to find all the rest of the world an exile. But if you have been there or not, read Murger's pages; there, perhaps, after all, you will see more of the country than anything less than a lifetime spent in it will show you.

## Ling Ma Answers His Friend Who Complains That Things Pass

PAUL ELDRIDGE

The swift-footed river asks  
 Wrinkling his mighty brow,—  
 "Why do the shores fly past me,  
 Forever,  
 Like two giant gulls?"

# September the Third

By GIOVANNI PAPINI

(*Translated from the Italian by H. C. Schweikert*)

IT was the third of September.

On that day I stepped out of my house. Before it lay vineyards, trees, clods of earth dry and bushy with grass. The vines, laden with bunches of violet grapes, clung voluptuously to pending poplar trees, as women in the fullness of youth cling to the men they love. Sky and air were alive. A light breeze gaily stirred the foliage; huge chariots trailed slowly into the blue, while mountains were shivered to bits; and there was the smell of damp ground, and of corn heaped up on the threshing-floor.

I made my way toward the river through a flight of wasps, black, yellow, buzzing. I like this river, even though the little water in it is sluggish and muddy. Walking along the bank, a light breeze fanning my face, treading upon the butterflies motionless on the ground, drowsy from work, I arrived at the ford. The boat was waiting for me, and in a moment I was on the other side.

Why did I choose the other side? Was it, perhaps, because there were more trees, and the grass higher? Not at all. I love the bare country, where the sun can stretch itself out all day long, like a tramp. Perhaps I like the other side because it is the *other*—because it is not my own, that to which I am forced to return every night.

On the third of September, therefore,

I sat down on the grass, and when a fisherman came near me and set his net, making preparations so that he too might trick silly fish that day, I thought that I could begin to work. I got up and approached that man. I had absolutely nothing to do. In my pocket I carried a book, but I did not have any desire to read. The fisherman took no notice of me. He was a fine young fellow of the lower class, with sunburnt face and an enormous mouth. He did not look intelligent, but I had no right to ask that of him too.

He squatted down and cast his net into the water. Then there began that drowsy attention of the man who does not think of death. Everything was calm and peaceful; only the nasty flies, which foretold bad weather, unceasingly flew about us.

Why wait longer? I asked the question which I had to repeat so many times.

"Why are you doing this?"

The young man looked at me with the expression that I had anticipated before speaking—something between astonishment and pity. But he made no reply. I had to repeat my question. At the moment I could not endure silence.

Then the young fellow's wide mouth expanded into a smile as he answered,

"To catch fish."

"Why do you want to catch fish?"

"To sell them."

"And what do you do with the money you get?"

"I buy bread, wine, oil, clothes, shoes, and all kinds of things."

"Why do you buy these things?"

The young man did not know what to say right off. For the second time I had to repeat my question, staring at him fixedly. He turned round in every direction, as if listening to silence. Perhaps he was becoming suspicious of my reply.

"To live," he said.

"But why," I hastily answered, "do you want to live?"

From this moment the wonder and delight of the fisherman immeasurably increased. Now he believed he knew who I was, even though he could not judge how dangerous I might be, nor did he know exactly how to bring the matter to a close. I had no reason for breaking up the interview, so with renewed obstinacy I repeated my question and gave the accused a hard look.

The young man tried to smile scornfully.

"I live because I was born."

"But what are your aims in life?"

"Aims? What do you mean by 'aims'?"

"What I mean is this—To you, what is the most important thing in life?"

"I understand. My aim in life is this—to fish."

I said no more, and after a few minutes I got up. There was no use in pursuing the matter any further. We were back to where we started. The circle had once more been completed by the simplicity of that boor.

A little piqued, I moved along the bank, trampling upon the wretched flowers and the grass still somewhat green. From some bushes on the right came the loud cries of boys. At a cer-

tain spot the thick hedge was broken by a wooden rail. I pushed it aside and entered the field, going on down toward the lower end by the smooth narrow path. I had already had my eye on a peasant, on the left, who was digging, and I boldly made for him. He, too, had noticed me, and from under the filthy brim of his straw hat he gave me a suspicious look. The grape-gathering season was near, and everybody was up in arms against grape thieves. It was nothing unusual for the silence of night to be broken by a fusillade of shots aimed at some stranger.

When I was close to the peasant I stared at him. At his feet the moist sandy soil was calmly being stirred and prepared for a new planting. The wounded earth agitated me, as though I was hurt, but I could do no less than repeat my question.

"Why are you doing this?"

The rustic gazed at me with his restless black eyes, and answered:

"So that wheat may grow."

"And why do you want wheat to grow?"

"To make bread."

"What use do you have for bread?"

"To keep alive."

"But why do you want to live?"

At this question the man lowered his head and patiently resumed his work. His bare foot once more pressed down the spade, and the ground was broken up and became blacker and cooler at once. Several times I repeated my question, but in reply I had nothing but evil squint-eyed looks.

The breeze continued to blow pleasantly about my head. I took off my hat, looked at the sky, and listened to the melancholy sound of a factory whis-

tle. I had to retake the narrow path and leave the field.

How beautiful the water seemed to me at that moment! I once more proceeded a little along the bank, my eyes roving around in search of a third victim. The willow-trees, four rows of them, gently played an accompaniment to me as they tried to deflect the puffs of the wind. A meadow was right next, and in it a little girl, dressed in red, was bending over to gather the last of summer's flowers.

My sole desire was some creature, large or small, who knew how to speak. What mattered the rest to me? The child was fair, she was small, and perhaps stupid. But it was enough for me that she was not dumb, and that she would not run away. I called to her from a distance, like one calls a dog. She raised her little face from among the flowers, looked at me with a smile, and took a step or two toward me.

Almost before I was beside her I repeated the necessary question:

"Why are you doing this?"

The little girl did not let herself be coaxed, and answered quickly,

"To make a bouquet for the Madonna."

"And why do you want to make a bouquet for the Madonna?"

"So that She will remember me."

"But why do you want Her to remember you?"

"Because I am preparing a place for myself in paradise, near Her, when I shall die."

It was enough to translate into the absolute the words of the fair child, and they were an answer to that which I had sought. Why did the little girl, dressed in red, act in that way? To at-

tain paradise. She lived, then, to prepare herself for death. This *was a* reply—a reply that the two stupid robbers of the water and the ground did not know how to make.

I had forgotten those two as soon as I had with my nimble feet torn up the trefoil and monk's rhubarb in the meadow. I now went along the bank in a less gloomy state of mind. I even began to sing. The little girl had come after me, holding up with both hands her apron overflowing with flowers, yellow and blue. But when I at once turned round to wave to her, and to catch the wind directly in my face, I saw that she was not the only one who had followed me. A little further behind, half hidden among the willows, they were coming, conversing in low tones, my first two victims, the fisherman and the peasant.

How had they met? Why had they followed me? I did not know, but I saw that I had known how to get close to them. In spite of the distance I was sure that they were talking about me. Perhaps because of the little girl? But why should I be afraid? I stopped and waited for them, singing in subdued tones. The girl kept on her way and passed me. The two men came up. There were evil looks on their faces, the big mouth of the young fellow was leering, while the powerful eyes of the old peasant gleamed from beneath his hat.

As soon as they were within reach they fell upon me, maltreating me with vile words and hard fists. They were two, furious and strong—I was alone, calm and weak. A few maneuvers and they had possession of my body, cursing with the joy of venting that which until then they had been holding back. With

hurried steps they went down from the grassy bank to the shore covered with stones. I had time to notice the gray baby frogs leap into the tiny pools among the wet stones. The two men swung me to and fro like a sack, like a corpse, and then pitched me into the water, laughing as though they were drunk.

The water was shallow—the mid-September rains had not yet come to wash the grapes and to flood the

streams. With bones unbroken, my clothes drenched with the slimy water, I was able to get up and resume my way home from the ford.

The two men were running away in flight; the little girl was far away; and the wind was once more blowing stronger, as though vexed at the sluggishness of the clouds.

Nothing in the world was changed.

Smiling to myself. I said,

“Tomorrow will be the fourth of September.”

## Quests

By JAMES RORTY

On my face is printed the map of a journey that will never be ended,, and  
my eyes are hungry with a hunger that will never be fed;

Stranger, O Stranger, shall I tell you why?

I am looking for a man who is unconcerned like a bird pecking seeds on a  
twig in April;

I am looking for a girl who is still and fragrant and beloved by birds and  
bees and all strolling breezes, like a pear tree in May;

I am looking for a youth who can jump stiff-legged like a young goat in  
June—where shall I find such a youth?

My feet are sore, Stranger, and my legs are weary;

A dark coil of ivy is twined about my heart, and I shall never move from  
this place;

Stranger, O Stranger, shall I tell you why?

# Challenge

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

They worship musical sound,  
Protecting the breast of emotion.  
Their feelings pose as fortune-tellers  
And angle for coins from credulous thoughts.  
Shall we abandon this luxury  
Of mild mist and wild raptures?  
Your face refrains from speaking yes  
But your poised eyes roundly  
Reward the luminous question.  
Greece and Asia have exchanged  
Problems upon your face,  
And the fine poise of your head  
Tries to catch their conversation.  
Few people care to use  
Thought as a musical instrument,  
Bringing ingenious restraints to grief and joy,  
But we, with clasped arms, will descend  
Daringly upon this situation.  
The full-blown confusion of life  
Will detest our intrusion.

# Summer Night

By ALICE CORBIN

Above the court-house square  
A star hangs, fair  
In the blue haze of twilight southern air;  
The lazy curtain of the hotel room  
Fringes old furniture in deeper gloom;  
This table topped with marble where I write,  
High posted bed, too lonely to invite—  
Below, the street  
Twinkles with banjoes and with shuffling feet.

# The Mystery of Arthur Machen

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

IT is, primarily, a mystery of letters. He has been at it now some thirty-five long years, producing some of the most admirable tales of fantasy in our language and one novel, "The Hill of Dreams," which is nothing less than an incomparable jewel, a piece of beautifully sustained wellnigh flawless prose, but he is still unread, unfamed, almost unknown. Other men (Algernon Blackwood, the Brothers Young) imitate him discreetly and become celebrated; his curiously precious monograph of criticism, "Hieroglyphics" has evidently been read with profit by our own Mr. Cabell and by Albert Mordell; but Mr. Machen remains on Fleet Street, and one by one, his beautiful books go out of print. There are barely five lines of critical comment that we have been able to discover on this truly exquisite writer and darkly captivating spirit. In Holbrook Jackson's "History of the Nineties," there is, to be sure, one line.

We do not wish to give the impression, however, that Mr. Machen is euphuistic and out-of-date, or that he hovers, with the frustrate ghosts of other Dowsons in "the bare ruined quires" of some spiritual Kew Gardens. Linked as he is by his origins to the deciduous Nineties, he might more profitably be studied in relation to certain of the more conspicuous fads and follies of our own time. It is a period characterized, for instance, by a revival of so-

called spiritualistic phenomena, in other words, by a furious credulity. Phantoms themselves become best sellers with enormous circulations, and the poor dead, less than ever at peace in their tombs, exhibit a perverse inclination to pursue the wearisome occupations which obsessed them when living. Not a month passes that one does not read of some hard-working spook frantically attempting to rival the popularity of "If Winter Comes" from the other side of Paradise.

Perhaps it was the war, with its plague of attendant evils, which produced this revival of superstition. Everyone will recall those famous Angels of Mons, and the hard-headed doctors, nurses and soldiers who attested the protecting presence at the infernal retreat of shining hosts led by a celestial adolescent in Burne-Jones armor, bearing the immistakable insignia of merry England. At the time, of course, it would have been almost a shooting offence to have doubted the reality of this picturesque phenomenon. The purest motives of patriotism and morale demanded that the Captain of the Heavenly Host evince a special affection for the army of Marshal French and a divine detestation for that of Von Kluck. Even after four years of dulcet Peace, this legend still commands respect. Recently we had occasion to travel from Oberammergau to Munich with three English journalists. Now we all know what a really good, trusting, believing creature is your capable journalist. For

simple faith there is nobody like him unless it be a peasant or a Hottentot; his credo in a word is a profound respect for the Pope and the Public, and a good working belief that there is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness—not ourselves is important and must always be emphasized. Being journalists, then, and above all, being English, these gentlemen were profoundly shocked that anyone should doubt that there had been real angels at Mons, and that hundreds of people had seen them. After a heated argument, it was finally conceded that it might have been an hallucination; cloud-formations were mentioned, and the proper note was struck by one of the newspaper men, a large Scotchman, who remarked that "God moves in a mysterious way," with other *originalia* from the Bible (so he said.)

We have mentioned at some length this business of the angels only to add that in 1914, after soldiers had written home, doctors had testified and bishops preached thereon, a Catholic journalist was so far lost to any manly sentiment of God or country as to confess that the whole legion had come, not out of heaven nor out of Flanders, but out of his own head. He had written the story as an imaginative exercise for his newspaper. The name of the paper was the London Evening News; that of the journalist you have already guessed. And people began to ask: "Who is this Mr. Machen anyway?"

We asked that question too a good many years ago, at the moment in fact of reading his volume of short stories, "The House of Souls." When we first encountered this troubling realm of what Rabelais called "sacraments and

horrible mysteries," we mistook the author for a mere mystifier, of consummate fantasy without doubt, but still a mystifier, that is, a writer of imagination whose conception, however solemnly presented, had absolutely no connection with any scientific discovery or conjecture. This impression is not borne out by rereading the book. There is a tenable idea behind nearly all of Mr. Machen's stories, an idea on which he performs any number of ingenious variations, but a conception all the same scientifically relative. Take the story called "The Great God Pan," the only one of the volumes which has been translated into French. The conception behind the tenebrous involutions of this wild and morbid tale is simply that matter is as awful and unknowable as spirit. A doctor, who for years has devoted himself to what he calls transcendental medicine, becomes convinced of the possible functions of a group of nerve-centres in the brain which up till then had been, as it were, "mere land to let, a waste place for fanciful theories," "With a touch I can bring them into play, with a touch I can complete the communication between this world of sense and—we shall be able to finish the sentence later on. . . . There is a real world, but it is beyond this glamour and this vision, beyond them all as beyond a veil. You may think this all strange nonsense, but it is true, and the ancients knew what lifting the veil means. They called it seeing the god Pan."

The operation is performed on a ward of the doctor's, a young girl who is pregnant. She dies a little later, a hopeless idiot, in giving birth to daughter. It

is about this daughter that the occult and horrible adventures of the story unfold. When she is barely five years old, the doctor surprises her with a playmate one may 'guess' of what kind. When, at the end of the story, she herself dies, strangling herself with a hempen rope, the medical man who attends gives this appetizing account: "I know that the body may be separated into its elements by separate agencies, but here was some internal force that caused dissolution and change. I saw the form descend to the beasts from which it ascended, and that which was on the heights go down to the depths. Then the ladder was again ascended . . . and for one instant I saw a Form shaped in dimness before me, the symbol of which may be seen in ancient sculptures, and in paintings which survived the lava, too foul to be spoken of . . ."

This story links itself to another, "The White Powder," where the same process is effected, this time not by an operation, but a drug, which turns out to be nothing less than the Wine of the witches Sabbath—that phenomenon of satanic mania which so frightened the imaginations of our forefathers. And in a third story, the author puts forward an ingenious theory to account for the unknown beings who attended the Sabbath, and whom the mediaeval priests and judges wrote down as demons. Suppose that much of the folklore still current in western Europe be an account under a fanciful form of much that really happened. Suppose that the Fairies, the famous "little people," who have always been saluted in certain parts of England with signs of the Cross rather than smiles, still exist, a secondary race, fallen out of the march

of evolution, but still lurking in remote and savage places. Conceive of the member of such a race stalking about the streets of modern London like a troglodite, and we see that we have here delectable material for a new kind of horror story.

To explain the fascination of Mr. Machen's art by dragging in a vaguely scientific or historical *raison d'être* is, however, an impertinence. He has invented a new thrill compounded of the most occult beauty and the sheerest spiritual terror. In comparison the Poes, Bierce, Bram Stokers and their like, sink to the level of a penny dreadful. How coarse is Poe (in his tales of fantasy and horror) compared to this consummate artisan of language! To appreciate his distinction, one has only to put side by side "The Three Imposers" with "New Arabian Nights;" "The Great God Pan" with "The Fall of the House of Usher"; or "The Hill of Dreams" with any novel of similar genre that has ever appeared in our tongue. And with all that, we have said nothing of "The White People", the second story in the volume, the diary of a little girl, which is not only the most remarkable story in this book, but one of the most amazing performances in our literature. Only one man, so far as we are aware, has surpassed Mr. Machen in this sort of work, and that was Henry James. After "The Turn of the Screw" one could truly go no farther.

A word should perhaps be given to the implications of Mr. Machen's philosophy as it is indicated in this book. What is far more obscure than the mechanics of his art, what is definitely displeasing in this author, is the way his

Christian imagination has colored and twisted certain links in the long hypothetical chain which coordinates these fine stories. In a word, we find it unpardonable that Mr. Machen, like a crabbed Father of the primitive Church, should excommunicate the fauns. What the ancients meant by seeing the god Pan we have no idea, and doubt whether Mr. Machen has, but whatever it may have been, it was not "the veil of a horror one dare not express," as the most elementary acquaintance with their literature and religion is enough to indicate. Why this identification of Pan and Satan? In their primitive sense, the satyrs were nothing more than the presences of Nature, the genial procreative principle, the scent and feel of the good earth lying, as it were, on her back, opening her arms. It has been ever the weakness of Christian imaginations to discern a relationship between this and "the presence of things unspeakable." The taint of the doctrine of depravity, the pretensions of Christ-

ian individualism, go a long way to explain this morbid sentiment that, everywhere in the pleasance of Nature, one should look for the cloven hoof.

Of the two symbolisms, Christian and Pagan, we prefer, in many respects, the latter. It is more lucid, more happy, more realistic. The faun and the centaur—those obscure symbols of humanity issuing from and returning to the animal—far from being images of corruption and evil, were considered as illustrating the truth that man learns wisdom as much from contemplating the good earth from which he springs as the stars to which he goes. It was a centaur who taught the antique Wisdom to the glorious son of Peleus, and the most high gods took the form of a satyr when they came to the daughters of men. Men in all times have prefigured, under the forms of images playful and strong, their kinship with the beasts that perish, and for our part, we are far from considering the pictures which survived the lava of Herculaneum as subject-matter for exorcisms.

## A Stone Is the Quietest Thing

By RICHARD KIRK

A stone is the quietest thing—except, in a shroud,  
 She before whom my heart is bitter and bowed;  
 The wind is the wildest thing and never still—  
 And my grief is wild like the wind on a moon-blanchèd hill.

# Three Poems From the Chinese

*(Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-Hu)*

## Thinking of a Friend Lost in the Foreign War

By CHANG CHI

Last year, when you went with the troops to Yüeh-chih  
And your men were lost at the city-wall,  
All news was cut between Han and beyond  
And so between the living and dead.  
No one saved the fallen tents  
Where faithful horses found torn flags...  
I would sacrifice—but, still unsure,  
Can only weep to the end of the sky.

## Looking at the Moon and Thinking of One Far Away

By CHANG CHIU-LING

As the moon sets frosty, a crow calls  
And a fisher-light moves in a drowse of maple,  
And past Ku-su, from the Cold Mountain Temple,  
Comes to my boat a midnight bell.

## A Night Mooring by the Bridge of Maples

By CHANG CHI

The moon, grown full upon the sea,  
Brightening alike all heaven,  
Brings to separated hearts  
The long thoughtfulness of night...  
I put out my candle, to be less dark,  
I put on my coat, feeling cold from the dew.  
I would give you the moon, but I cannot reach it...  
Bed again—hoping for dreams!

# The Last Stand

By EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

THE tranquil glow of an autumn sunset lay like a visible benediction over the quiet hills. For weeks the frost had been kindling the myriad leaves into variegated patterns of sombre and brilliant beauty. The scattered maples flamed like great torches of living fire, while the hardier forest trees glowed in colors more subdued, but nonetheless beautiful.

It was that brief, magical period in the Kentucky knob country when the unstinted opulence of late autumn transformed the billowing ranges into a panorama of surpassing loveliness. Many of the gorgeous leaves, with weakened and withered stems from which the sap had flown, kept their hold only by the grace of windless days and rainless nights. Morning after morning the sun crept up into a grayish haze which hung like a tenuous vapor over the world, crossed the misty arch in lazy splendor, then sank among fantastic castles of gold, from whose shadowy turrets dun streamers vaguely writhed. Night after night the ghostly hosts of velvet-footed shadows would come to rendezvous in the deep ravines, then silently mount the slopes and spread a mantle of gloom over the sleeping trees. Then to each leaf of the countless millions came the moisture we call dew, which, as the night advanced and the cold increased, became frost, whose subtle alchemy working in conjunction with the sap beneath, gradually produced that yearly miracle

which never will grow old or common.

On this afternoon the sun was going down empanoplied in glory. Its spreading beams touched lightly the scanty fields of the hill farmers, lingered lovingly on the meager shocks of gathered corn which painful effort had wrested from the stubborn soil, gilded the piled pumpkins into a Midas horde, and smote the western slopes of the lonely ranges till they gleamed anew. And on a certain knob, the one most remote from any of the scattered human habitations, they darted through a jagged hole where some rock ledges showed and blazed in a pair of topaz eyes which met them without winking.

The cave was not large, but it was big enough for a shelter and a refuge, and the robber outlaw that occupied it had craftily chosen it because of its inaccessibility. He feared nothing which ran wild in his part of the world, for he was the largest and fiercest of any of the forest dwellers thereabout. He had the right of way wherever he chose to roam. His menace and his dread was the dog-pack, and each of the widely separated farm houses had six or more hounds, everyone of them thirsting for his blood. But once in this cave home no hound could reach him. Just in front of his lair was a three-foot shelf of stone filigreed with lichen, and then came a sheer drop of twelve or fourteen feet. The robber gained access from above; by creeping along the limb of a wind-blown oak, then leaping down to the shelf below.

The big wildcat dwelt alone. Time was not so very long ago when others of his tribe harbored in the hills, but the vigilance of the farmers and the inveterate hate of the tireless dog-packs had driven into remoter regions all that had not been killed. A raided pig lot or an invaded sheep fold provided cause for renewed warfare, and little by little the ranges were cleared of the nocturnal prowlers.

The outlaw lying couchant in the small cave patiently awaiting the shades of night had found a companion the spring before. She had wandered into his domains from further south, and one moist, still night when instinct had caused him to send the mating cry echoing through the hills, she had heard, and come. Meeting and courtship blended, and presently they were keeping house in another and larger cavern miles distant from his present abode. In time four chubby kittens were playing and sprawling about the bone-and-rock-strewn floor, and then it was meat must be had in abundance, for the mottled little mother needed it to supply the all but constant flow of milk her offspring were forever demanding.

And though the father traveled the spreading knob ranges day and night in quest of food, he failed to obtain the needful amount from the wild things upon which he preyed. Thereupon, driven by necessity, he began to patrol the purlieus of the humankind, and to snatch a porker or a lamb, or even some outroosting hen when nothing larger came within his reach.

But this sort of thing was not to be

endured placidly by the owners of the victims of his rapacity, and an organized movement was set on foot for his destruction. Traps were set which he skilfully avoided, protected by that uncanny intuition which it is so difficult to understand. Watch parties lay in wait all night through at the various homesteads while some plump shoat was picketed in an exposed spot as a bait.

But that cunning which is every wild creature's birthright guided the marauder into safe paths. The watchers were careless in their vigils, and smoked and talked, or moved about to relieve cramped limbs. Any one of these things would prove fatal to their plans, for the eyes and ears and nose of the crafty robber were constant and vigilant sentries for his safety, and one or the other always warned him of danger. On padded feet he would skirt the guarded place and disappear, and in the morning news would come of something missing from the flock or drove of a neighboring home.

Then squads of searchers began to scour the hills. This killer must have a den, and there was to be no rest until it was found.

So one day when the big cat was nearing home from a fruitless search which had lasted since daybreak, a gun roared just as he came in sight of his den. The mottled mother and her babies had come out to loll and disport in the sun on a tiny plateau near their home, and there the hunters had come upon them accidentally.

Masked by a tangle of vines by which the thunderous report had halted him, the raider crouched and watched the fell deed of murder. With burning eyes

he saw his smaller mate leap into the air, then fall with convulsed body and twitching limbs. Again the guns spoke, three of them, and the kittens crumpled up among the leaves and twigs, and lay still.

Exultantly and with loud talking the farmer and his two sons pressed forward to be sure their work had been well done. One kicked the motionless form of the dead mother, while another picked up one of the slain babies, held it out derisively by its queer little stub tail, then gave it a vicious fling, cursing as he did so. The slender body circled through the air, crashed through the vines which hid the watcher, and came to earth again almost in reach of his paw.

The hunters did not leave at once, but stood close together, talking. The silent watcher knew the import of their conversation, although he could not understand it. They were talking about him. Though they had rid themselves of a potential menace in the slaughter of the mother and her brood, yet the culprit that had harried them so long and so successfully was still at large. Until he was done away with they knew that fresh depredations were to be expected.

Presently one of the party descried the hole in the knob and pointed toward it with a shout. Instantly the men grew alert, looked to their guns, and crept carefully forward. The aperture was large enough for one to squeeze through by crawling, but all hung back. It was common knowledge in the hills that a wildcat would not fight a human unless cornered, when he would battle like a fiend and prove a formidable adversary. The venture evi-

dently was too much for the courage of any of the three, and after further consultation two of them shouldered their guns and struck out for home, while the third withdrew quite a distance to one side and secreted himself on the other side of a huge boulder to keep watch over the entrance to the den.

Behind the viney tangle which formed such an effectual screen, his tense, wiry body pressed close to the ground and his stump tail rigid with the rage which flooded him, the one that was left lay glaring balefully at the scene of horror and desolation. For weeks he had lived happily in his wild, free way. Ranging the woods by day and stalking the farm homes by night, always there was a purr of welcome awaiting him when his sinuous body slid through the opening giving entrance to his home. Would come the soft thud of little pads on the earthen floor as the hungry youngsters dashed awkwardly forward to greet him, tugging at the spoil he bore in his vise-like jaws before he had time to release it. Then later, their stomachs gorged, they would pile up in some corner and go to sleep, much as their domestic cousins do, and waken later to nip and tease and tumble about him in their play. While the she-cat had brought to him company and solace and contentment, three things all animals crave, go they on two feet or four.

Now the guns of the hunters had put an end to all of this, and there on the ground before his eyes lay one of his offspring, its body grotesquely twisted, and blood smudging its soft fur.

The steps of the retreating farmers died away, and silence fell over the lonely spot. Slowly the big cat arose,

and stealthily, soundless as a shadow, crept forward till he stood above the small victim which several hours before he had left at play. Briefly he nosed the limp form, then, regardless of danger, threw back his head and vented a terrifying scream of rage and defiance. The piercing cry rang through the quiet knobs like a note of doom. The farmer boy, scarcely fifty yards away, jumped as though shot, and cast glances of fear up into the surrounding trees, anticipating a possible assault from that quarter. The challenge was so keen and penetrating it sounded almost in his ear. His temporary confusion proved the safety of the wildcat. With a bound which carried him ten feet, the agile animal dashed for thicker cover, and when the roving eyes of the hunter finally were directed aright they saw only a dun streak moving with incredible speed, which vanished instantly.

Never again did the cat come near the spot where a cruel death had descended upon his mate and their young. It was to him a region accursed, and he set about the task of finding a new place of abode. Just any rift in the hills would not do, for he knew that some day or some night they would trail him, the dog-pack that he hated, and the new home must be beyond their reach.

He found it by accident upon a night of rain, when all the stars were hidden and a gloomy pall lay over the hills.

Stealing along a knobside on his endless quest for food, he smelled opossum. Opossum meat did not rank very high in his estimation, but this night the

merciless barbs begotten by a two days' fast pricked him so persistently that he welcomed anything which would stay his hunger. He stopped to locate the scent. It was to his right, and near. A storm wrecked scrub oak lay partially uprooted quite close, and to this the prowler stole. A trail was on the bark, so fresh that the drizzling rain had not washed it away. With easy effort he leaped and clung. A lateral limb bore the telltale odor. Then his preternaturally acute eyes saw a humped form further out, and he dashed forward on his prey. As he will in the face of danger, the opossum attempted to feign death, but the limb was too small for him to collapse on, and he slipped and fell from the wet surface. Instantly his pursuer dropped after him, and seized and killed him on a narrow three-foot ledge of stone filigreed with lichen.

There the cat lay and feasted, and the first hint of day coming as he finished showed him a ragged opening just over his head. Further investigation revealed the isolated and inaccessible nature of the spot, so he decided to make this location his permanent abode. From this secure stronghold he would make his sallies and his forays, and back to it he would come for rest and safety.

During the months which followed he had many close calls, but by speed or guile always escaped his enemies. Often he had lain just back of the entrance to his den, as he was lying this golden autumn twilight, and watched the searchers pass below, or listened to the hounds following his trail on the knob above. But always they lost it, for the scrub oak guarded his secret well. It was to the dog-pack as though

he had left the earth and vanished, leaving no trace.

The sun went down, and dusky fore-runners of night began to patrol the slopes and mass in the hollows between. The big cat lay at ease, breathing gently, waiting for the darker hour and planning that night's adventure. His life was spent in a ceaseless search for sustenance, and danger hovered over him constantly. He had harried the near lying farmers until their precautions had become so great meat was hard to procure except at a fearful risk.

This night he decided to fare farther than he ever had gone before; to invade new territory, in fact, hoping that the longer journey would be recompensed by an easy prey. So when the shadows had formed one solid bank of gloom, and the timid tapers of the early stars were lighted above the motionless trees, the marauder arose, arched his back and stretched lazily as a house tabby would, then stepped out upon the ledge. Without hesitation he moved to a certain point and sank into the darkness, making the familiar twelve-foot leap as easily as he would by daylight. Facing southeast, he began his journey.

For seven miles he traveled, using familiar runways the first part of his journey, and guided by inherent woodcraft thereafter. At last, coming up from a dry creek bed and over a low spur, the peculiar smell of swine was wafted to his sensitive nostrils, freezing him in his tracks. As yet he could see no house, no buildnigs of any kind, but a broad dark valley lay before him. Into this valley he presently crept, trailing the elusive scent which came and went, but never was lost.

Presently patches of denser gloom appeared, and soon his padded feet were skirting a large tobacco barn where hundreds of pounds of the product were hung on sticks, curing. The pungent odor of the drying leaf overcame the hog smell, but the wily robber knew he had reached the end of his journey, and that his quarry could be but a short distance from him.

Rounding the corner of the barn, he stopped in alarm. Beyond an open lot stood the farm-house, and light shone from two windows. This did not square with his plans. He wanted everybody and everything asleep when he came raiding. Couched close to the barn's foundation, he was considering the question of retiring until a later hour, when a lifting breeze again deluged his nostrils with the swine smell. This was followed by a sleepy grunt but a few feet away.

Discretion vanished then. His stomach was calling imperatively for food, and here it was at hand. He had taken greater risks before, and won through. He moved toward the seductive odor, the saliva of hunger dripping from his lower lip.

Proceeding with the utmost caution, directly a high railed pen loomed up before him. Quickly he investigated the structure, but found no crack large enough for him to make an entrance. So intent was he on his mission that he failed to see a gaunt form come trotting across the lot. This form stopped suddenly with slanted head as a vagrant wafture brought to it an alien scent. Then the hound, with hackles rising, began a skulking, creeping advance.

The robber was gathering himself for

a leap which would clear the top rail of the pen, when something catapulted through the air and landed upon him with a yelp of rage. Sharp teeth met in the skin at the back of his neck and forced from him a quick, snarling cry. The two cries raised the alarm. Over the yard fence vaulted four other misty shapes, and before the wildcat could shake himself free from the cruel teeth which held him the rest of the pack were upon him.

Stubbornly and fiercely he fought, for he knew that the supreme battle of his life had come. The very number of his enemies was a factor in his favor, because in their zeal to get at him they crowded and hampered each other. He tore himself free from the neck grip of his first assailant, and unsheathing the sharp, curving claws on each fore foot, struck out with savage force and lightning swiftness. With bullet head drawn back and ears flat against his skull, teeth bare and every steel-like muscle taut, he stood at bay before overwhelming odds.

The hounds had only their whetted fangs as weapons, and so must close

with their antagonist before they could do him harm. Urged by the primitive blood-lust of their wolf ancestors, they dashed forward time and again to the attack. Always they were met by those terrible sweeping claws, and more than one was running blood from deep knife-like cuts on belly or side. They circled around the marauder, sometimes rushing him from all points at once, but it seemed as though the doughty warrior's body operated on a pivot, so swiftly did he whirl to meet every advance.

The hounds began to suffer. None was free from wounds, and one had withdrawn whimpering and lain down to lick his hurts.

Now the crafty outlaw began to meditate a break for liberty. But the noise of the fight had been heard indoors, and at this point two men approached, one bearing a lantern and the other a gun. They urged the dogs on to renewed endeavor as they advanced, and the chance to slip away was lost. Game to the last, the lone cat held his own against five of his foes, but no courage can withstand a bullet.

And that was how he died.

## Prudence

By RICHARD KIRK

If he trod on certain weeds, he thot  
His body would die and his soul rot;  
Warily, warily he went on,  
Unseeing cloud or star or sun.

# The Ballad of a Judge in Israel

By LELAND DAVIS

Samson loved women,  
I wot he knew them well!  
"They're large o' limb and greasy  
In Israel.

"They walk lopsided,  
They carry water so,  
I can't abide the wells here,  
They make such a show!

"Philistine women  
Walk water pot on head.  
And pretty 'tis to see them!"  
The young judge said.

"Philistine women!  
They do delight the eyes!  
They laugh, and like their laughter  
Are all a surprise.

"Philistine women!  
They burn so in the mind!  
I'd see them caper, mocking,  
If I were blind!"

## The Words Spoken Above Him

By RICHARD KIRK

He was the one who would have led  
Their laughter at the words they said,  
If all the words they came to hear  
Had fallen on a living ear.

# The Novel and the Drama: A Note

By BANBURY CROSS

THE present lamentable state of the Anglo-Saxon novel is exceeded only by the present more lamentable condition of the Anglo-Saxon drama. A survey of recent Broadway productions exhibits a decided ebb in the output of native play-wrights as against a steady flux of foreign importations. Barring Lewis Beach's "A Square Peg" done in the Harvard-Russian manner and Channing Pollock's "The Fool" done in the manner of "Salvation Nell," there is little or nothing now being produced by American dramatists. Perhaps a salutary manifestation in view of past performances. Even the musical comedy is going out, along with its strumpet sister the burlesque show.

What is taking place is no more than healthy reaction. With the movies glutting eye and emotion to satiety remains but intelligence to satisfy. And with the Shakespearean revival, the numerous imported cerebral dramas, the Moscow Art Theatre etcetera, intelligence is being given a chance. The Shakespearean phenomenon becomes the more interesting in the light of its popular interpreters. John Barrymore's Hamlet must have proved a diverting spectacle to old playgoers who remember the Hamlets of Booth and Irving. Our profiled lion's self awareness and affected simplicity of reading, despite the tall adulations of one or two critics, I found, at once, thin and tedious. The Juliets of big sister Ethel and the state-ly Miss Cowl; the Shylock of David Warfield of "Music Master" fame; and the superficial "Will Shakespeare" by

Clemence Dane "reinforce" the movement. It is not to be forgotten, however, that Mr. Walter Hampden, a true artist, also runs. So much for poor Will's resurrection.

The two translations from the Tchecho-Slovak of the Capek brothers, though also Americanized for Broadway audiences, retain in any event some of their native verve. Carel Capek in *R. U. R.* has ingeniously conceived a tour de force hard to spoil even by a clumsy portrayal. Here is the Frankenstein idea enlarged upon and made pertinent to the tick of the times. "The World We Live In" (*The Insect Comedy*) by himself and frere, though to a certain extent the old cry yet serves as a grateful reminder to our solemn egos that we are thus and thus and will remain always thus and thus. Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" is another gamey production got from the other side. Here the dramatist with charming satire contrasts the mummer of the hack playmaker to the character-out-of-life: all done with such felicitous restraint and naiveté that one wonders why it hasn't been done before. Then there is Schildkraut in "Peer Gynt." And another Molnar! And then the Moscow players, whom I did not manage to see. If the Moscow players are all they are bruited to be the Anglo-Saxon stage hasn't a plank left in it. But enough of the drama which has seemed to have had enough of the Angle, excepting good Master Will of stouter days.

The novel, too, is on the slide. An age that gives undue credence to the hoary formulas of Emile Coué and the late Mrs. Eddy; an age that gulps whole hog the sensational news items of the daily press; an age that religiously attends the movies, and religiously reads the "Radio News," "Aircraft," and "The Pictorial Review," and religiously explains this and that as "something altogether Freudian;" an age where the "intellectuals", but lately become "intelligentsia," are now dubbed by a lady novelist "sophisticates;" an age of cults and cults and cults—an age like this certainly cannot be expected to concern itself with, or produce anything so natural and exhilarating as, a good book.

To which cult do you belong? The radio cult; the Coué cult; the cinema cult; the Freud cult; or the James Joyce, Marcel Proust, T. S. Eliot cult? Do Messrs. D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, and Waldo Frank whet in you a desire to experiment with monkey glands? Have you read "Black Oxen" by Mrs. Atherton? Who is your favorite fictioneer—E. M. Hull, Sinclair Lewis, or George Gissing? What, you have never heard of the latter! Well, he didn't write "The Sheik." Candidly, have you read Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh," or Hardy's "Return of The Native," or Conrad's "Victory," or Gissing's "New Grub Street"?

Yesterday I took up "Don Quixote". I have taken up "Don Quixote" before, but not as I did yesterday. What a realm of satire and romance and dream—what a master hand, this Spaniard! I thought to myself, were it not better for me to spend a hundred days in the company of the quaint old don than a hundred hours in the company of clever prestidigiters who have nothing to tell me that I do not already know and want to forget and who amplify this nothing by countless other nothings leaving nothing at the last but a sense of one's time having been imposed upon and one's patience frightfully exasperated.

Now I do not mean to say that we have no novelist at present who can write a novel. Such a statement would be sweepingly absurd. For Mr. Hardy, in the fact that he is still alive, and Mr. Conrad, are contemporary; and Somerset Maugham wrote "Of Human Bondage," in verve and sincerity an excellent book; Hugh Walpole has done "Fortitude" and "The Duchess of Wrexhe"; Dreiser's "Sister Carrie"; Cabell's "Jurgen"; Willa Cather's "My Antonia," and Hergesheimer's "The Three Black Pennys", are, all in their kind, good books. But mechanics, structure, and that "infinite capacity for taking pains" seem somehow missing. Novelty, invention and suggestiveness, brilliancy at times, we still have, but of genius and of such craftsmanship there is woeeful lack.

# Once on a Time

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH

Once in the days when mullein stalks were wands,  
And puff-balls smoked to warm the feet of fairies,  
There was a queen who ruled the lily-ponds,  
A king who ruled the quarries.

Sweet-flag and fragrant cress were in her breath,—  
Laden her arms with bud and lily stem,—  
And many men had suffered boggy death  
For one short hour of them.

High on his cliffs the king with sly grimace  
Scented afar the water-weed and blossom,  
Nor felt the need of any queen's embrace  
Stir in his shaggy bosom.

"Oh most aloof of all goat-footed kings!"  
So sang the queen, "come down across the weirs.  
Why do you crave the noise of swallows' wings  
Forever in your ears?"

"Here in the lily-pads along the shore,  
What lush and amorous adventure calls!  
Let the stern caverns know your step no more,  
Descend your rocky walls."

High tossed the quarry-king his tangled head  
And trod the crackling leaves with laughter harsh.  
"I am not one who loves a perfumed bed,  
Dear lady of the marsh."

"The little stones ran rattling down the quarry,  
The grass along the slopes is dry and fine.  
I go to seek a maiden brown and hairy  
With hoofs as sharp as mine."

"Oh most unmannered of the horny-hearted!  
Oh dull of wit!" the lily-queen replied.  
Yet with its first sweet succulence departed  
Her passion failed and died.

And indolently leaning on the rushes  
She passed the day with warm regretful tears.  
But the rude king went laughing through the bushes  
For years, and years, and years.

## The Wind in the Maples

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

The wind in the lofty maples  
Had kept her awake before,  
But it had changed to something  
That she could bear no more.

She shut her staring windows  
And drew the curtains tight,  
And locked her door and listened,  
Chilled, through the summer night.

Once there had been the springtimes  
When from her gable rooms  
She saw the wind in maples  
Wave boughs like knightly plumes.

Once she had leaned from windows,  
While moonlight banners flowed  
On soft airs, as if greeting  
One riding up the road.

The wind in lofty maples  
Had kept her awake before,  
And it was the same as ever—  
But she could dream no more.

# Pio Baroja

By MUNA LEE

IN that remarkable autobiographical notebook, *Juventud*, *Egolatría*, Baroja declares himself native of and debtor to two regions, the Basque-land and Old Castile, from one or the other of which issue all his literary inspiration. "Among Basques and Castilians I should like to find my readers," he adds. "The other Spaniards interest me less. The Spaniards of America and the Latin-Americans do not interest me at all." His work ranges from the lives of the sea-faring Basques, of whom he writes with an evident gusto lacking in his Castilian studies, to the underworld of Madrid. In these latter books, of which *La Busca* is one of the most powerful, Society itself is usually a protagonist—the Society whose interests Baroja finds always at variance with those of the individual; whose prevailing traits are the two most antipathetic to him personally, stupidity and cruelty; and whose most casual desires can be ministered to only at the cost of tragedy and gratuitous pain. He is not a sentimentalist; he rather jeers at sentiment. The mirror he holds up to the storm and passion of life may be of bronze or glass or polished steel; but be the reflection distorted or no, as he finds it, he returns it. There is little organization to his work—hardly more than there is to life; characters wander in or out, things are begun and forgot-

ten about, neither good nor evil are rewarded, death and hunger and cold stalk about selecting their victims almost at random. It is not a story that Baroja tells us; it is rather life itself that speaks hoarsely and grotesquely from his page.

There is reason to believe that he regards with especial favor the trilogy of which this is the first volume; though he does not consider the work entirely successful, quoting with evident approval a friend's verdict to the effect that the hero is falsified, not a true product of his class but a *señorito*, a perfect little gentleman. It is true. Manuel, child of the slums, is finer-fibred, more sensitive—not to beauty, for your most degraded Spaniard rarely loses his feeling for beauty—but to pity and tenderness, than his environment would probably have allowed him to be. His life among the child outcasts of Madrid, living upon cat-meat, warming themselves in ash-heads, indulging in precocious "love"-affairs at once casual and dreary, was hardly the soil to nourish the delicacy, the idealism, and the passion for justice that he displays. Yet he lives. He never ceases to move with the authentic gesture of life. We believe even in his revolt at the bull-fight, so different from the chivalric spectacle of his dreams where man and beast fought nobly for the mastery: "a petty, filthy thing; a medley of cowardice and intestines, a celebration in which one saw nothing but the *torero's* fear and the cowardly cruelty of the public taking pleasure in the throb of that fear."

## LA BUSCA

By Pio Baroja; R. Caro Raggio, Madrid

## THE QUEST

By Pio Baroja; translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg; A. A. Knopf, New York.

Searching for Baroja's counterpart among artists, one would light upon Zuloaga, that other son and lover of the Basque country who seems to give her children pity and horror as their heritage. They seemed doomed to search out and drag to the light shame and pain and evil, as their method of combating it. It is significant that Baroja has elsewhere given as his ideal of happiness a simple human relationship easy of attainment for himself, but impossible to the doomed beings of whom he writes: for him, happiness lies in after dinner talk over the coffee cups of luxuriously comfortable home, among whose eight or ten guests are three or four charming women—one of them, he specifies, a foreigner—with no aristocrat, no artist, to mar the evening with stupidity or egotism; but a banker perhaps, or a cultured Jew: to talk of affairs, to pay a gallant compliment or so; to let each one have his moment of brilliance—that, he ends, wistfully, is undoubtedly very agreeable. But he writes of the black comedy, and of the manner in which the shivering soul is forced to walk the lonely path that leads to its doom.

It is a service to the American public to print Baroja's work, and one would wish to speak nothing but good of the publisher and translator who have rendered that service. The latter is evidently well-versed in Spanish, and has gone about his work with vigor and enthusiasm. He is, however, lamentably careless. Too often Mr. Goldberg has jotted down the first phrase that came into his head: too often he has made Baroja sound like Ethel Dell or some other exponent of sweetness rather than

light. There is no excuse, for example, for the sickly sentimentality of the rendering, "The youth looked at her for a moment, shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and his pale lips traced a smile of disdainful mockery" even if one pardoned the abominable construction. To say "beneath a low zinc-hued sky" instead of "under a low zinc-colored sky" is merely a fault of ear; but it is something worse to translate with absolute literalness the second sentence of the volume: "It was the habit of that tall old narrow-cased clock to accelerate or retard, after its own sweet taste and whim, the uniform and monotonous series of hours that encircle our life until it wraps and leaves it, like an infant in his crib, in the obscure bosom of time." That is well enough in a language more fully inflected, as is Spanish; but in English it becomes obscure nonsense. That introductory paragraph, together with several others—the opening paragraphs of Chapter II of Book I and of Chapter I of Book II, for instance—are, as the author takes pains to inform us, a burlesque upon the ponderous style of some of his contemporaries, set in the midst of what he aptly terms his own "pedestrian language" to win him favorable notice from the Spanish Academy: but the translator does not bother to mark the differentiation in style. This is particularly unfortunate in the case of Baroja, who cares nothing, as he has said repeatedly, for form, but who is very particular as to idiom; declaring that when an idea comes to him in rigidly correct Castilian, he immediately sets about re-phrasing it, giving it a personal slant. The style is the cloak, he declares, which molds itself easily to the

body. In the case of this translation, the style is too often a thick and tawdry veil.

Baroja's style is famous for its individuality; and in Spanish it is unmistakable—"a black-green grayness", Casino Assens calls it, pointing out its

sombre and chaotic effectiveness. His translator should work slowly. Pío Baroja is worth the trouble. However, what he said once of genius, that it is due neither to madness nor to patience, but to a miracle, may be true of good translation too.

## Improvisation

By LOUIS GILMORE

Your feet are paths  
Leading to open spaces

Your feet are rivers  
Swaying in the sun

Your feet are roads  
Meandering in the country

Your feet are streets  
Parading through the city

Your feet are rungs  
Climbing a high ladder

Your feet are steps  
Treading the stair.

# Two Poems

By ALLEN TATE

## Sonnet

*To a Portrait of Hart Crane.*

Unweathered stone beneath a rigid mane  
Flashes insurgent dusk to ancient eyes  
Dreaming above a lonely mouth, that lies  
Unbeaten into laughter out of pain:  
What is the margin of the lovely stain  
Where joy shrinks into stilléd miseries?  
From what remembrance of satyrs' tippled cries  
Have you informed that dark ecstatic brain?

I have not grasped the living hand of you,  
Nor waited for a music of your speech:  
From a dead time I wander—and pursue  
The quickened year when you will come to teach  
My eyes to hold the blinding vision where  
A bitter rose falls on a marble stair.

## Portent

When you are dead and a frost of quiet laughter  
Stupendously settles forever upon your lips,  
I will collect the first whispers you came after  
In a crowded night, and give them to passing ships.

If you are dead when the wind cries again  
Over the bleak housetops of a battered hour,  
I will build a chapel out of forgotten pain,  
And wait for bells ringing in an empty tower.

May I treasure this red girdle for sentiment?  
Your eyes blossom a gorgeous cluster that scatters  
No fruitage. I will caress one staggering moment  
After you are dead—and nothing matters.

## Comment

MAXWELL BODENHEIM writes from New York:

The Dial has awarded its annual prize to Mr. T. S. Eliot, and the result has already summoned, in The New York World, a parody on "Waste-land," the long poem responsible for this award. Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd, one of our contempororary geniuses, has paraded an uncouth dislike—something for which parody seems especially adapted—ending with the significant cry: "O God! O Montreal!" Mr. Eliot would probably deny acquaintance with both of the afore-mentioned Deities.

But, seriously speaking, the present abundance of parodies is a redundant invitation to boredom. The parody is merely an exaggerated sneer added to dislike, or an adulterated chuckle donated to admiration, and there are in America, at present, no Max Beerbohms to give it an agile extenuation. Certain critics claim that parody is a form of criticism, but criticism is an alertly serious adventure and uses humour only as an occasional escape from the over-authoritative gesture.

Returning to The Dial's award, one must present an astonished respect to the phenomenon of an actually radical poet winning a prize of two-thousand dollars, and yet, this award, like all others, is both pernicious and unfair. A money-award, from a magazine, group, or individual, is in reality never anything more than a personal loan or gift from certain people who desire to reveal a practical proof of their admiration for a particular creator. The so-called prize-contest involved is in almost all cases merely a farce and the choice of the winner is a prearranged one, being decided long before the actual formalities of the "contest" are announced. It is, of course, inevitable that judges, editors, and patrons of art cannot suddenly become open-minded and free from bias during the short period between the announcement and awarding of a prize, but this is not the point at issue. Instead of quietly sending their cheque to the creator whom they decide to aid, without indulging in advertisements or printed pedestals, these people desire to create the impression that he is indisputably superior to the creators in his medium, and of his time. This is pernicious because it is rarely ever true that any one creator holds a genius that completely or even partially over-shadows that of all his contemporary competitors. Yet, through the awarding of a prize, with its "bests" and eulogies, he is given this position of false dominance while other equally deserving men are placed in an unfair darkness. It would, for example, be far more important if all worthy poets were payed at a decent rate for their work, and the fact that at certain intervals some particular poet receives a halo and a cheque does not in any way advance the cause of poets as a whole. This cause will remain at a stand-still until

we have men who are interested in securing for poets a fair rate of payment and fixed sources of publication, and not men who rise every year to award a problematical throne and a sum of money to their personal or impersonal favorites.

The items of literary interest in New York just now are few. Professor John Erskine, of Columbia University, has just been elected President of The Poetry Society Of America. Being a member of this organization, I shall attend its monthly meeting tomorrow; listen to the usual reading of smoothly sentimental lyrics, invaded by an occasional religiously sombre note; arise to express my opinion of the afore-mentioned poems; engage in mock-argument with Clement Wood and Arthur Guiterman; and retire with the consolation of amusement well-earned.

## Marginalia

By JAMES B. CLUNY

### Metaphysical Interlude

**E**RASING my momentary identity, clear vision reveals a procession of metaphors. Time, the woof of this picture, itself grows ghostly. The generations flicker like spindles. Empires, busy as beavers, turn ideographs. And even you and I, Polycrates, sipping our coffee, discussing the art of poetry, also submerge in a strange repetition of symbols.

### Le Revenant

An ambition in a top hat ambled solemnly back from the shuttling years. And he was distraught at his business—moon-ridden still, and somewhat ashamed of it, in the presence of that amiable gentleman.

### Ghost

Noiseless as fishes swimming the seasons slip past him, snug in the warm bed. And a ghost moves in and out of his dream——

Vassal of beauty, seeking the pot of roses, lost in an alien and perilous city, skirting the alleys in wintry winds, sniffing the air for bread.

For "poetry is a high calling," and it is of himself he is dreaming, snug in the warm bed.

He is that phantom.

# Reviews

## TOWN TOPICS ON PARNASSUS

*A Critical Fable . . . Delivered primarily in the hope of instilling instruction so airily that readers may see, in the persons on view, a peripatetic, poetic Who's Who.*

BY A POKER OF FUN, WITH D. O. S., A. 1.

(Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1922)

THERE is certain to be consternation upon the slopes of Parnassus if this book gains any wide currency—and it quite certainly will! For the author (or authors?) knows whereof he speaks and speaks with a devastating aptness of phrase. There are, to be sure, about twenty pages of preliminary which are, frankly, tedious—after that, though some characterizations are too long drawn out, the pages possess a bustling and amusing effectiveness. Frost, Robinson, Sandburg, Masters, Lindsay, Lowell, H. D., Aiken, Fletcher, Teasdale and others, including the hapless Ezra Pound, appear—each chiefly characterized by his foibles rather than his sanities.

The structure of the poem is simple: an elder of the generation of Longfellow meets and talks with a modern young man who irreverently presents his contemporaries. They appear in a delirious hailstorm of rhymes (the mixed metaphor follows naturally after the poem) where we find such horrors as "metaphors" rhyming with "get a force"; or "simious" hot pressed by "Linnaeus", "Zinnias," and "ignominious"—not to mention the breath-taking series "quackery," "knick - knackery," and

"back awry." Extracted, the rhymes are insufferable, but in the hudibrastic and hilarious original they deserve their place.

Anonymity is justified only by good humor. The malicious wit who strikes in the dark is justifiably a pariah, but this book is not offensive. Too many suffer together for it to be personal and, although it is ruthlessly incisive, there is good humor behind the most of it. Aiken, to be sure, is badly treated (unfairly so I think) and Masters and Pound are severely handled, but in the main the book consists of good-humored exaggerations of evident foibles. We receive the truth so expressed as to be only half-true and doubly effective—which is a device proper to satire. Lindsay, for example, when he finds himself called:

A mighty jazz dancer before the Lord  
must admit a fair hit well-turned, and  
so must the whimsical Kreymborg when  
he appears as the monkey of poetry who  
climbs on a stick. Amy Lowell also is  
irreverently handled, for, after some  
comment on her habit of preface writing,  
she is described as

"Armed to the teeth like an old Samurai,  
Juggling with jewels like the ancient genii,  
Hung all over with mouse-traps of metres,  
and cages  
Of bright-plumage rhythms, with pages  
and pages  
Of colours slit up into streaming confetti

Which gives the appearance of some-  
 thing sunsetty,  
 And gorgeous, and flowing—a curious  
 sight  
 She makes in her progress, a modern  
 white knight  
 Forever explaining her latest inven-  
 tions."

Even if cruel the comment on Masters is delicious farce with its sketch of the elderly Minerva mislaying her spectacles and short-sightedly bestowing a masterpiece ("Spoon River") on a tyro—after which error poor "Minnie" is mercilessly teased by her Olympian relatives.

The commentary, however, is not purely poetic. When the author speaks of Sandburg as "a strange, gifted creature, as slow as a fog just lifting to sunshine," it is the man Sandburg slow-moving and tender, that lies behind the expression, rather than his dynamic poetry. Similarly when Frost is mentioned as "a foggy benignity wandering in space, with a wisp of stray moonlight just touching his face" it is the kindly, dreamy-eyed individual which accounts for the couplet, rather than the realistic poet of New England hillsides.

The author of this Fable knows many of the subjects personally and all of them poetically—but who is the author? Probably it is not a layman, for laymen, if they regard poetry at all, usually regard the writers of it with exaggerated awe. Here instead is the happy irreverence of someone who sees poets as men rather than demigods. A practicing poet is evidently responsible—and a Bostonian with an especial regard for Fletcher, H. D., and Grace Hazard Conkling—otherwise the poets would have received less space and less friendliness.

The author is virulent against Pound, and of Aiken's work is really favorable only to the "three clear tones" of the Chinaberry tree and to *Punch*. (—Was it not Miss Lowell who so praised *Punch*?) A guess as to authorship may prepare the way for much laughter—but I will hazard the guess and, if far wrong, join in the laughter—there are certain tricks of speech, certain unexpected judgments (notably those in favor of Fletcher and H. D.) and, above all, a certain stress laid on the subject of women in art (*vide* the recurrent subject of Margaret Fuller, etc.) which suggest Miss Amy Lowell. But there are hints, too, of a collaboration to complicate matters. Did Miss Lowell write the passage on herself? —or has Professor Lowes possibly taken to rhyme?

ROYALL SNOW,

## LI PO

*THE WORKS OF LI PO, THE CHINESE POET*  
*Done into English Verse by*  
*SHIGEYOSHI OBATA*  
 (E. P. Dutton & Co., 1922).

LET poetry be the beginning, manners the middle and music the finish" said Confucius. This dictum served the poets who have made Chinese literature one of the jewel boxes of the Orient. There is little epic poetry in Chinese literature and little dramatic poetry of any value, but the lyric poet fashioned out of words poems like ivory miniatures, as clean cut as cameos, as sparkling and clear as precious gems.

The work of Li Po, translated into English by Shigeyoshi Obata is a book that is interesting on two counts. First, Li Po has been the best known Chinese poet in the Orient for more than one thousand years, and second, Mr. Obata

is himself a poet of unusual delicacy and beauty. Besides this, the book is important to the student because of the preface, the introduction and the bibliography, all of which are the result of deep research and careful scholarship.

It is as a thing of beauty, however, rather than a monument of erudition that I would commend this book to poetry-lovers. Here is a simplicity, lost by the horde of people who have lately been translating Chinese verse. Compare, for instance, Obata's and Cranmer-Byng's rendering of the same poem. The first is called "Lady Yang Kuei-Fei at the Imperial Feast of the Peony"

She is the flowering branch of the peony,  
Richly laden with honey-dew.  
Hers is the charm of the vanished fairy  
That broke the heart of the dreamer king  
In the old legend of the Cloud and Rain.  
Pray, who in the palace of Han  
Could be likened unto her,  
Save the lady, Flying Swallow, newly-dressed  
In all her loveliness?

The second translation is taken from Cranmer-Byng's anthology, "A Lute of Jade."

In all the clouds he sees her light robes trail,  
And roses seem beholden to her face;  
O'er scented balustrade the scented gale  
Blows warm from Spring, and dew-drops form apace.  
Her outline on the mountain he can trace,  
Now leans she from the tower in moon-light pale.  
A flower-girt branch grows sweeter from the dew.  
The spirit of snow and rain unheeded calls.  
Who wakes to memory in these palace walls?  
Fei-yen!—but in the robes an empress knew.  
The most renowned of blossoms, most divine  
Of those whose conquering glances overthrow  
Cities and kingdoms, for his sake combine

And win the ready smiles that ever flow  
From royal lips. What matter if the snow  
Blot out the garden? She shall still recline  
Upon the scented balustrade and glow  
With Spring that thrills her warm blood into wine.

Any comment here would be superfluous.

The poems in this volume comprise only a small amount of the works of Li Po which have been preserved in the standard Chinese edition, but the selection is varied, and representative of the poet in all of his moods. Here he is contemplative:

Naked I lie in the green forest of summer. . .  
Too lazy to wave my white feathered fan.  
I hang my cap on a crag,  
And bare my head to the wind that comes  
Blowing through the pine trees.

Here reverent:

Tonight I stay at the Summit Temple.  
Here I could pluck the stars with my hand,  
I dare not speak aloud in the silence,  
For fear of disturbing the dwellers of heaven.

Mr. Obata writes in his Preface, ". . . I have honestly tried to preserve the peculiar emotional color of each poem, waiting for the moment when I was in the right mood to take up a particular piece." This is, I suppose, the reason that each poem in the book is so felicitously translated.

ADALINE KATZ

## FEAR AS A MOTIF

L'HOMME TRAQUE, PAR FRANCIS CARCO  
(Albin Michel, Paris.)

THE book for which Francis Carco was awarded the last Prix du Roman is a detailed and intensely realistic study of fear. A man who has committed a crime and a woman who

unwillingly shares his secret are driven together by the uncontrollable force of common fear. They hate each other yet they remain together. There is not even the comfort of exchanging confidences. They are enemies who distrust one another yet cannot separate. The man's constant need of the woman's presence is an unconscious outgrowth of his hatred and fear of her, a vengeful desire to humiliate her, rather than any craving for companionship. A similar torment obsesses her. The complement of his sadistic tyranny is her own masochistic need to devote herself to him and to a frantic protection of him.

The reason given for the commission of the crime in the first place—the desire of a man to exist in his own eyes as a person of audacity, a dangerous criminal, a being who had really lived—presupposes the existence of a mental sensitiveness in the lumpish central figure which seems doubtful. Once started the hideous drama of psychology plays itself out through a series of logical manifestations and the tragic culmination carries with it the conviction of inevitability. Once or twice the author allows himself to stop and analyze the situation for the reader, but in general it is rightly and effectively presented without comment.

The presentation of mental experience with such detailed verisimilitude is no small achievement. The other element of greatest interest in the book is the creation of the milieu in which the characters live: the great central markets of Paris and the sordid districts surrounding them. The strange night train which runs into the markets straight down the Boulevard Saint Michel where only street cars are seen

at ordinary hours, the clattering arrival of carts, the unloading of heaps of vegetables, the handling of whole animals in the meat markets—all under the glare of the huge blue-white lights of the markets; the forced night life which has grown up as an accompaniment to this nocturnal activity, the curious assortment of people who frequent the quarter: the workers, the slummers, the prostitutes, the police—all these and other more subtle qualities of atmosphere are in Carco's book. It has been objected that this is all mere imitation of the great Russian realists. It is, however, vital enough to find its own excuse for being.

FLORENCE GILLIAM

## ARIEL

BY JOSE ENRIQUES RODÓ

*Translated With An Introductory Essay by F. J. Stimson*

(Houghton Mifflin Co., 1922)

THE appearance of Rodó's *Ariel*, a quarter century ago, with its appeal to the youth of Latin America not to be deluded into accepting blindly North American standards of life, was acclaimed enthusiastically in Spain as a sign that the bond between the countries of South America and the mother country was to be firmer than ever in spite of the loss of the Antillean colonies, and awoke in South American youth such fervor of aesthetic and intellectual response as to cause Rodó to be hailed as "the intellectual director of an epoch." The years immediately following the Spanish-American war were marked by distrust of the United States, and Rodó's strictures on the commercial spirit of the North without Rodó's careful analysis of the accompanying advantages, were repeated and

cheered in every political and literary assemblage from Punta Arenas to Monterrey for more than a decade. At the present moment, when Rodó's influence is on the wane, since the new generation in Latin America is as restless, as impatient with old gods, as determined to work out its salvation in its own way, as the new generation elsewhere, the value of the essay is chiefly literary and historical. Rodó directed an epoch, but an epoch that is passing; and Nietzsche, whom he abhorred as the culmination of all morally and philosophically obnoxious, is as often named now, even along the Plata, as the generous and pitiful-hearted Uruguayan.

The title of the present volume, as "Clarín" suggests in his preface to the Spanish edition, is probably a reminiscence and antithesis of Renan's "Caliban." The form is that of a farewell address by the venerable teacher whom his pupils nickname Prospero to the youth who have gathered for the last time in his study, near a statue of Shakespeare's Ariel, the winged sprite that "embodies the mastery of reason and of sentiment over the baser impulses of unreason."

"*Reformarse es vivir*", Rodó declares in the opening lines of *Motivos de Proteo*, a more profound work than *Ariel*, which it resembles, however, in its argument for change within the limits of individuality. A plea for the youth of Latin America to preserve intact its Latin inheritance, since a race that foregoes or denies its racial integrity is doomed to perish from the earth, *Ariel* is nevertheless a plea for change along the lines of a progressive development whose impulse comes from within. The Latin races were for Rodó

the keepers of beauty and spiritual force, as opposed to the materialism which had, he felt, reached in the United States its most practical and most repugnant expression.

"The ideal of beauty," he declared, "does not appeal to the descendants of the austere Puritans, nor even a passionate worship of the truth; they care little for any thinking that has no immediate practical object—it seems to them idle and fruitless; even to science they bring no selfless interest for discovery, nor do they seem capable of loving its truths only because they are true; investigation is merely the antecedent of practical application."

An interesting obverse, this, to Unamuno's contention that the lack of practicality in the Spanish peoples is due to the lack of true poetry, the spring of materialism; since he considers material development merely as the application of poetic imagination, and believes that Spain, lacking poetic imagination, must borrow from countries scientifically more advanced if she is not to lag behind forever in railways, in factories, in agriculture, in all that technical complexity of life which according to him can be developed only by a nation of poets. Unamuno, of course, was answering with caustic exaggeration Ganivet's exhortation to the Spanish people to seek their salvation only from within; and it is Ganivet, who Rodó quotes approvingly several times in the course of his essay, who evidently inspired much of *Ariel*, which followed very closely in point of time upon the publication of the Spaniard's *Idearium Español*.

The modern American reader, taking up the book in this strikingly lucid and

able translation—made, it is worthy of note, by a former ambassador to the Argentine—is likely to be less impressed by Rodó's insistence upon beauty as an end of life which should color and lend glamour to all the other finalities than by the justice of his unsparing analysis of North American civilization, and his remarkable clear-sightedness in seeing the typical American as the man from the Middle West—a truism less familiar a quarter century ago than today.

MUNA LEE.

## MISSISSIPPI VALLEY BEGINNINGS

*An Outline of The Early History of the Earlier West.*

BY HENRY E. CHAMBERS

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1922)

SINCE the year 1846 Dr. Monette's History of the Mississippi Valley has been the standard for both the student and the general reader. Many volumes on this subject have been published since that date, but the student has ever desired to check up his facts with the original two volume work of Dr. Monette. Of late years this has not been convenient, for Monette's Mississippi Valley has become a rare book and is not easily obtainable except in the greater libraries.

Now there comes along an appreciative scholar in the person of Mr. Henry E. Chambers who extends the subject matter as far as the Civil War era and presents it in a modern manner, most attractively printed and illustrated, and related with the atmosphere of the time preserved: all this in a single volume of 372 pages.

Mr. Chambers shows great familiarity with the pioneer and settlement per-

iod of the great middle west. He has presented in outline every salient feature of the early development and organization of the trans-Allegheny section of this country.

The book is not only informing but quite entertaining. It has the lure of the historic romance with never a suggestion of doubt as to the truth of the happenings related.

This is an age in which the study of history is confined almost entirely to the text-books in schools. The interruptions of modern life are such that few readers can really concentrate on the many volume chronicles of Bancroft, Gayarre, or Parkman, the great historians of the Valley. It comes then a propos that we have a masterly outline for the business man as well as the juvenile.

Sugar coating and outlining are two different arts when it comes to relating historic incident, especially recent American development. The modern romanticists—Emerson Hough, Winston Churchill and others have evidenced no great reliability in the arrangement of their historic data, facts being elaborated and omitted as the author pleased; but the writer who puts into the title of his book "history" must pass censorship whether it be on "outline" or a complete book on the subject. Here is where Mr. Chambers has done an excellent service to the modern reading world: he has gisted the matter without sacrificing and has not put too much of the writer's opinion into his story.

The format of the book is in fine taste. The chapter headings are most intelligent, and period arrangement well considered. Altogether from a

book-man's point of view the volume is quite worthy and grateful.

The reader who is weary of the ultra-modern and monotonous sex output will be quite refreshed with this portrayal of a more strenuous if not cleaner generation. Our forebears who made the clearings and laid the foundations of this substantial republic at the same time had their thrills and idiosyncrasies and were human then as now.

These chapters of history are novel as related by Mr. Chambers. The excellent sequence in which they are told makes for us a book quite as pleasing as the best romance, its progressive development is as logical as if it were framed by Wells.

The early Western humor has not been omitted and while the larger items that have been previously printed in many books are faithfully retold they are treated however more vividly. Much of the manners and customs of the pioneers and early settlers of the Mississippi Valley have been included and all is here presented satisfactorily and convincingly in an easy narrative style.

T. P. THOMPSON.

## BOOKS AND CHARACTERS

BY LYTTON STRACHEY

(Harcourt Brace & Co., 1922)

THE Lytton Strachey who wrote "Landmarks in French Literature" (1912) and the Strachey who created the nine-days' wonder of "Eminent Victorians" a year ago have met in these pages and made us familiar with one who, either as critic or biographer, has definitely put himself in the front rank of the English literary phalanx. Within the compass of somewhat more than 300

wide-margined pages we discover a Strachey in whom animated literary criticism and flashing biographical revelation are inextricably intertwined.

Yet, despite that affinity, it is not difficult to perceive that excellent critic as he is, forces are at work which are pulling him out of the old critical orbit to the new biographical. It is true, at times, that the man who wrote "Eminent Victorians" eclipses the author of "Landmarks," but one cannot altogether escape the other. Thus, while critic informs the biographer, the biographer adds an indiscernible touch to the critic; in the service of one to the other, both survive and are justified. The biographer, joined to the critic though he may be, is in the ascendant. For example, in re-reading the book I passed from "Voltaire and England" to "Voltaire and Frederick the Great," skipping "Voltaire's Tragedies," which act is an instinctive, if not final, judgment. (I am sure Mr. J. Middleton Murry will insist it is *not* final.) It is clear that after 1912 Mr. Strachey passed definitely from the early literary raptures that inspired Racine, Sir Thomas Browne, Shakespeare's Final Period and The Last Elizabethan (Thomas Lovell Beddoes) to the somewhat cracked Lady Hester Stanhope and the incurable wit and gossip, Mr. Creevey, both markedly literary hold-overs from "Eminent Victorians."

From the character of his subjects, which, in addition to those mentioned above, include Rousseau, Mme. du Defand, Johnson, Blake and Stendhal, one is justified in concluding that Mr. Strachey is among the gentlemen in a library, like his indefatigable compatriot, Mr. George Saintsbury; but even

while granting the intended aspersion, one must add that he is not entombed there, for although he steep himself in the record, he emerges without a trace of library dust. At the risk of making Mr. Strachey smile, one must reply to those who pretend to regard such men with feigned contempt as Anatole France made poverty-stricken Villiers de l'Isle Adam respond: "It is impious to commiserate those that possess Beauty." These gentlemen are Hamlets, bounded in their desired nutshells in which they can count themselves masters of infinite space.

For Mr. Strachey possesses the delectable power of giving life to the creatures that people our libraries.

Who, within so comparatively few pages, has reared so complete and so arresting a galaxy of the men and women of France and England? And not only men and women, but periods and decades as well. He could not give his characters such *veri-similitude* did he not set them against the backgrounds of which they are a part and in the midst of the company to which they belong. Where would Mme. du Deffand be if Mr. Strachey were ignorant of her contemporaries? In a vacuum, where she would not long survive. So that he must abjure the task of the mere literary restorer who traces in brighter tints the faded outlines of old masterpieces; almost always there is presented a new chef d'oeuvre, prepared perhaps from the same pigments, but with how different an effect. Truly, in his hands, everything from which he derives his material doth suffer a sea change.

It had at first occurred to me that it might be possible to champion A. C.

Gardiner as a contender against Mr. Strachey for the biographical belt, but a re-reading of the latter's essays was sufficient to dismiss such a possibility. Mr. Gardiner has not the breath of life in him to communicate to his creatures.

For such work as Mr. Strachey's is needed a mind in sympathy with the contemporaneous and the past, a sympathy within which must be embraced the many manifestations of the creative impulse, a delight for moeurs, and an absorption in gossip of the more delicate and sublimated sort. Here is united profound love with excellent memory. He is a literary taster in the highest refinement of which that word is capable. His structure—to fly to another figure—has been erected by an architect who both designed and built for his own delight and not for such extraneous purposes as the satisfaction of a commission or an appeal to the generality. And they who delight themselves delight all who resemble them.

Mr. Strachey writes best of those he loves; in him, not analysis, but affection, triumphs. And through that love he achieves a mastery of detail that less loving, if more analytic, minds can never attain. Thereby, he impales his complex characters on a phrase, a sentence or a paragraph. Yet though his summaries are superb, he is not content to dismiss his subjects in summaries. To endow them with plausibility he must do more than that. And so he reveals his double power, that of re-creating life-size figures who will bear being poked in the ribs without collapsing and that of saying what is to be said in the fewest number of words. An example of this double power is to be found

in the essay on "Voltaire and Frederick the Great;" after having added two more full-bodied creatures to your historical mental gallery, observe how cunningly the author pictures these personages on their reverse sides, as it were. He is describing a concert in Frederick's hall, during which "the great" himself is playing upon the flute.

"And the adagio came, the marvelous adagio, and the conqueror of Rossbach drew tears from the author of *Candide*." What can be more absolute than that?

HARRY SALPETER

## CORN

*Moods From Mid America*

BY HAROLD NORLING SWANSON

(*Malteaser Publishing Co., Grinnell, Iowa*)

**C**ORN is a slight volume which contains some trivial matter, but there is merit in it which makes it a creditable venture on the part of the new publishers and on the part of its author. The Malteaser Publishing Company, at Grinnell College, hopes to develop a literature in the corn country. Its aim is to give a medium of publicity to midland authors. "Corn" is dedicated "To the day when the Corn Country will tell its own stories."

Mr. Swanson has contributed to various magazines. He has had journalistic experience as editor of *The Malteaser*, a very clever college journal. He is a young man of talent. One feels that he is a sincere worker in language—that he is straining after form and precision. He approaches real success frequently in this book. That he does not attain it on

those occasions is rather because he is immature than because he has definite limitations. The faults of the book are the faults of youth. Mr. Swanson, like all writers, will look back on much of his early verse with a wry face. One detects an overemphasis on many conceptions which the author himself will one day feel to be of little importance.

A number of the poems in "Corn" show that Mr. Swanson is to be reckoned with. He may surprise us. There is a touch that commands praise in "A Dog Bays the Moon," "Romance," "Wonderment," "Old Age," "My Sampler—"

My bodkin,  
Dancing in the winter sun,  
Has threaded love into the warm wools—

and a half-dozen others.

I quote "Eternity":

A woman's figure frozen  
In snow-white jade,  
A cameo.

And "The Pagan Speaks"

I hold a silver coin worn smooth.  
The head of that proud virgin  
is gone,  
There is left but a greasy sleekness.  
Had it been a shameless woman's head,  
It would have worn no better.  
What matters if my soul be good  
.....or bad?

It is to be hoped that the publishers of "Corn" will succeed in printing more Western books. The project is praiseworthy. They have made a good beginning with "Corn." Both they and Mr. Swanson are to be congratulated for starting a renaissance in the "hog-belt."

J. M.

## OCCASIONS

*A Volume of Essays on Such Divers Themes as Laughter and Cathedrals, Town and Profanity, Gardens and Bibliomania, etc.*

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

(Scribner's, 1922.)

**M**R. Jackson's book is a hybrid combining sense and sensibility—with, alas, the sensibility predominating. It is a very delicate, mannered, precious sensibility, whimsical and insincere. In fact, if it were not for the stray gleams of sense that the author evidently overlooked and failed to delete the whole affair would be simply a mass of intolerably woolly and pointless prose, and not worth reading. As it is, one reads it with a growing sense of wonder and apprehension. What *can* have happened to that delightfully intelligent Mr. Jackson who wrote "The Eighteen Nineties?" Or to his bright star, so bravely scintillant in other days: can it have fallen "sodainly and faded under ground"? That Mr. Jackson would not have thought very highly of this verbose and rather unfortunate performance. He was not greatly given to anfractuosity, not as an end in itself. For if his paths were sometimes tortuous at least they led towards a definite object. They didn't twist and turn upon themselves like the paths in a tedious maze with nothing at the heart of it.

It is very odd. Perhaps Mr. Jackson is ambidextrous. In that case let us hope that he never learns how his left hand has betrayed him.

The Pathos of Profanity is the best thing in the book. And it is really excellent. It is stimulating. And not once is it marred by a deliberately artistic manner. Also, it is full of quotations and sentences that one will remember grate-

fully. A small deed, you think? But one that should shine brightly in a naughty world.

ALICE SESSUMS LEOVY.

## SIDELIGHTS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE

(Century Company, 1922)

**I** THINK that Mr. Pattee must be a very earnest gentleman. His book, "Sidelights on American Literature," which provides the reader with frequent glimpses of Dr. Pattee himself, has led me to this conclusion.

I would not quarrel with the subject matter in this probably most authentic book; I admit candidly that I don't know enough about Jack London or O. Henry to fill a thimble. One simply accepted them without discussion, I thought, as one accepted other things, like Sunday dinners, as a form of dissipation not to be indulged in too often. Not so Mr. Pattee. He devotes his two longest chapters to these literary gentleman adventurers and knights of the road. Besides these discussions, he has an essay entitled "A Critic in C Minor," featuring H. L. Mencken, another, "On the Terminal Moraine of New England Puritanism," with Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman as the heroine, and others, variously labelled, "The Epic of New England," "The Shadow of Longfellow," "The Modernness of Philip Frenau," "The Centenary of Bryant's Poetry," and "Poe's Ulalume," all of them no doubt valuable to the student of American literature.

But the book is full of dicta like the following: "There are fashions in litera-

ture as there are fashions in wearing apparel, and one who would live by literature must be aware of them or else write for posterity." One cannot give Mr. Pattee much on the originality of that true and valuable saying. It is observations of this sort, scattered unrestrainedly throughout the book that make the reader conclude sorrowfully that while Dr. Pattee may be in the old Kentucky phrase, "a gentleman and a scholar," he is not "a judge of good whiskey," that is, he writes well and conscientiously, but, it seems to me, without any real *joie de faire*, without the happy touch that makes both the reading and the writing of literary criticism a pleasure instead of a penance.

ADALINE KATZ.

## STAR POLLEN

BY POWER DALTON

(Chicago, Private Press of Will Ransom,  
Maker of Books, 1922)

MR. RANSOM is doing a very handsome business of bookmaking. His volumes are excellently printed, pleasingly bound and in every way desirable items, from the standpoint of make-up. "Star Pollen" by Power Dalton is the second publication issued by Mr. Ransom. It is offered in a limited edition of 259 copies on Tuscan hand-made paper, printed from type on a hand-press and the type distributed. Design, lettering, composition and press-work are by Will Ransom, with the assistance of Edmond A. Hunt. The book is the second in the publisher's series of first volumes.

In reviewing a book which is prepared with such loving care, one is at a

disadvantage. The publisher must be praised for his art, and yet one cannot praise the poetry in this volume without numerous reservations. One feels that Power Dalton makes a too extreme use of color-adjectives, of flower-names, of rhythmic jingles, to be deserving of encouragement in the type of verse here presented. Remarkable promise is shown, but it is remarkable only if the author escapes in future from the treacherous syncopation of these rhythms and from the lure of pleasant terms. The poems have remarkable fluency and facility. But they are extremely sentimental, and they seem too often to be extremely artificial. I quote "Sequence":

I wear rosemary  
No more, no more—  
One forgets  
To cross my door.

In memory of love  
Now dead, now dead—  
I bind bitter rue  
On my head.

I am seeking  
Trillium  
To wear for one  
Who is to come.

One rebels at the poems in "Star Pollen" for the simple reason that there is too much rue and rosemary and trillium, too much cataloguing of paraphernalia; too much studied naiveté; too much sentimentality. One feels that the actual poetic material is stretched out too thinly, that there is more sound than sincerity. And yet one feels also that if the author will arrive at condensation, precision, some austerity of technique, and a searching artistic sincerity, these poems may be the prelude to very

good work. The volume, like all of Mr. Ransom's books, is a capital item for collectors. It will be valuable some day for his imprint, and it will be valuable

as the first book of Power Dalton, if Power Dalton's bad habits in versification do not persist.

J. M.

## To a Greenwich Village Aesthete

By DAVID GORDON

You were Old Stuff in 1886,  
 Gilbert and Sullivan made fun of you,  
 Art for Art's sake was pulled upon the hicks  
 Some fifty years before the Little Review.  
 Whistler and Wilde said Beauty was unmoral  
 And bards with dandruff wrote erotic stanzas  
 Of dames with eyes of jade and lips of coral,  
 Thrilling the Philistines in Leeds and Kansas.  
 Ecstatic ladies and exotic men  
 Wrote Free Verse and they thought it *some confection*  
 In Montmartre and in Chelsea garrets when  
 Washington Square was still "the Wholesale Section,"  
 And Gush was labelled Art before the time  
 Of Maxwell Lowell or Amy Bodenheim.

## Books Received

- PELAYO-GONZALEZ, by A. Hernandez-Cata. *Madrid, Mundo Latino.*
- EL HOMBRE INVENCIBLE, by Alfredo R. Antiquedad. *Mundo Latino.*
- LO QUE SE POR MI, by El Caballero Audaz. *Mundo Latino.*
- LA HERMOSURA POR LA HIGIENE, by La Condesa Nora. *Mundo Latino.*
- IRELAND'S LITERARY REMAISSANCE,, by Ernest Boyd. *Knopf, 1922.*
- GRANITE AND ALABASTER, by Raymond Holden. *Macmillan, 1922.*
- THE DISRUPTION OF VIRGINIA, by James C. McGregor. *Macmillan, 1922.*
- FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, by Edith G. Reid. *Macmillan, 1922.*
- POEMS OF THE SOIL AND SEA, by Charles Wagner. *Knopf, 1922.*
- A MORE HONORABLE MAN, by Arthur Somers Roche. *Macmillan, 1922.*
- VISTAS, by Walter C. Stevens. *Monteith Book Co., 1922.*
- FRESCOES, by Jay G. Sigmund. *B. J. Brimmer Co., 1922.*
- CASANOVA'S HOME COMING, by Arthur Schnitzler. *Thomas Seltzer, 1922.*
- FOR EAGER LOVERS, by Genevieve Taggard. *Seltzer, 1922.*
- SAMPHIRE, by John Cowper Powys. *Seltzer, 1922.*
- LEAVES ON THE WATER, by Stanley Kimmell, *Seltzer, 1922.*
- NANA, by Emile Zola. *Knopf, 1922..*
- LAST POEMS, by A. E. Housman. *Holt, 1923.*
- TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, by Leonard Merrick. *Dutton, 1922.*
- THE ROOM, by G. B. Stern. *Knopf. 1923.*
- ANNE SEVERN and THE FIELDINGS, by May Sinclair. *Macmillan.*
- 1001 AFTERNOONS IN CHICAGO, by Ben Hecht, Chicago. *Covici-McGee, 1923.*
- BURIED CITIES, by Jennie Hall. *Macmillan, 1922.*
- THE WAGON AND THE STAR, by Mary Sinton Leitch. *B. J. Brimmer*
- OUR BEST POETS, by Theodore Maynard. *Holt, 1922.*
- FREE THOUGHT AND OFFICIAL PROPAGANDA, by Bertrand Russel. *Huebsch, 1922*
- JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, by Henri Frederic Amiel, translated by Van Wyck Brooks *Huebsch, 1923*
- DEADLINES. by Henry Justin Smith. *Covici-McGee, 1923.*
- CAROLINA CHANSONS, by DuBose Heyward and Hervey Allen. *Macmillan, 1923.*
- WALT WHITMAN, by Stuart Merrill. *Henry S. Saunders, Canada.*
- EBONY FLAME, by Vincent Starrett. *Covici-McGee, 1923.*
- BANNERS IN THE DAWN, by Vincent Starrett, Chicago. *Walter M. Hill, 1923.*
- THE SEA WORLD WAITS, by Herbert J Hall. *Four Seas, 1923.*